Feb 20
1933



52 Tavistock Sqre.

Sunday.

Well dearest Dolphin—not that you deserve to be called so, considering your hardness to a tender regret of mine the other night. Still you don't mind me so much in writing as in fact. The truth is, I reckon, you don't read. What—with one thing & another I daresay you haven't what you call opened a book this six weeks. But I'm so bored with Italian irregular verbs—& then I have such a passion for you—Sir, it's rather a case of Ethel Smyth & me over again.

Once more she's gone off in a dudgeon, because she says I'm so cold. But in fact I almost died last Friday. It's like being a snail & having your brain cracked

by a thrush – hammer, hammer, hammer; & she pulls her chair up to an inch away now, & she's getting deaf as a post – & there I had to sit for 2 hours & more. I gather she's going to be diddled again by the Camargo: but I can't make head or tail of it. We've seen a great many old friends for some reason — Desmond, Morgan & so on. I call it the homing of the rooks: we're all settling on the trees. But the Rook Dermaid was in great spirits, chiefly I think because he was about to prevent the Rachel David marriage – that is he thought it hopeless – & was had arranged with Cynthia Asquith that to tell David to go – but at the last moment he was too lazy to settle the matter, & so didn't tell Cynthia: & so one night he came in late – there was David engaged to Rachel. But the wedding cost him over £250. Rachel had to go to the dentist: they all lost their heads & bought too many new clothes: there was a lunch party with sandwiches on the sideboard & champagne: & so

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Desmond has never been quite so brown in his life as he is at the moment: but also Morgan who was in high feather, because he's never engaged anything so much as wearing Soldier's life. Therefore I propose to die next year, & you must oblige the year after. And we've been asked to a party at Lady Astor's, to meet the Prince of Wales. I do hope they haven't asked all Bloomsbury, because then I can't mention it. It is a wet winter day — no, it's dry, but the snow is so thick on my skylight it might be rain. Oh dear when shall I see you? Never. Because I suppose we must go to Rodmell on Friday. I wanted to do to Angelica next Jan — Can it be arranged? I suppose not. Such is life. Then you'll retire for another fortnight, & so on. But you don't mind. I mean nothing to you, as Ethel says. Eight — what Purka means. Poor old lady — She has the rheumatism at the base of the spine, & can't sit down, or stand up. & naturally therefore accuses me of being a fish, since I can swim. And on

Tuesday we go to tea with Harry & Ba:
but I shant tell you about it unless you
answer this. I'm dropped by the Sands—
but on the whole, it would mean
buying pant at least a new dress. I
bear up. I shall ask Nan to tea,
to plant a fiery feather in Ethel's flank.
Nelly is in a huff with Leonard about getting
breakfast punctual. Lottie is installed
as course; the Bedford Estate never leave
surveying this house, but so far we
have'nt heard anything; & I cant think of
much else to say. Except that I'm
passionately in love with a woman
who treats me like an old glove in the
flutter— oh & I've got to be photomatured
tomorrow— & I washed my head, & my
hair is in my eyes, & Nessa never
writes to me, or thinks of me— Lud
Lord, what a farce life is, a passing
of phantoms, a crowing of cocks— we
ought to be at Cambridge at this moment—
& there are some mercies remaining
Please kiss Quentin. as you wont
kiss me. B

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HAMILTON 2/10/88

Feb 23
1933

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Yes. delighted to dine
with you (this is because
you'll never come to us)
on Friday eh. no Tomorrow
at 7.30 about.

No I think I did very
well out of the
show, & only wish
I'd got my screen
(some Duncan
fun letting it
go.

Addio carissima
Sorella mia

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone:: Museum 2621.

1933

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28th Feb.

Enclosed cheque for Angelica

How true you were time, but you must let us know. I have a bad cold from the wetting with Snow. Vanessa came in last night, & I'm taking her to the Cranium — it ought to do me good — I rather dread so much inspissated male virtue — not altogether my line. Quentin met me. I went to the Troops today — what a queer little Dutch wealthy clock couple they are — He

Showed me all the pictures from top
to bottom — Lad knows I can't
say the right things. Bianca swaps
the footmen with complete composure.
I rather like him — with his hat
off, he's rather a figure. But
it's an endless circle of Chelsea
NYPL
magnates — the luncher out daily.
Last night I saw Ethel & Nan
at a distance — also distance Ethel
was cordiality itself, but no
invitations. I shant take you any
more news, as you wont come —
to me

HAMILL 2/10/68

Apr 24
1933

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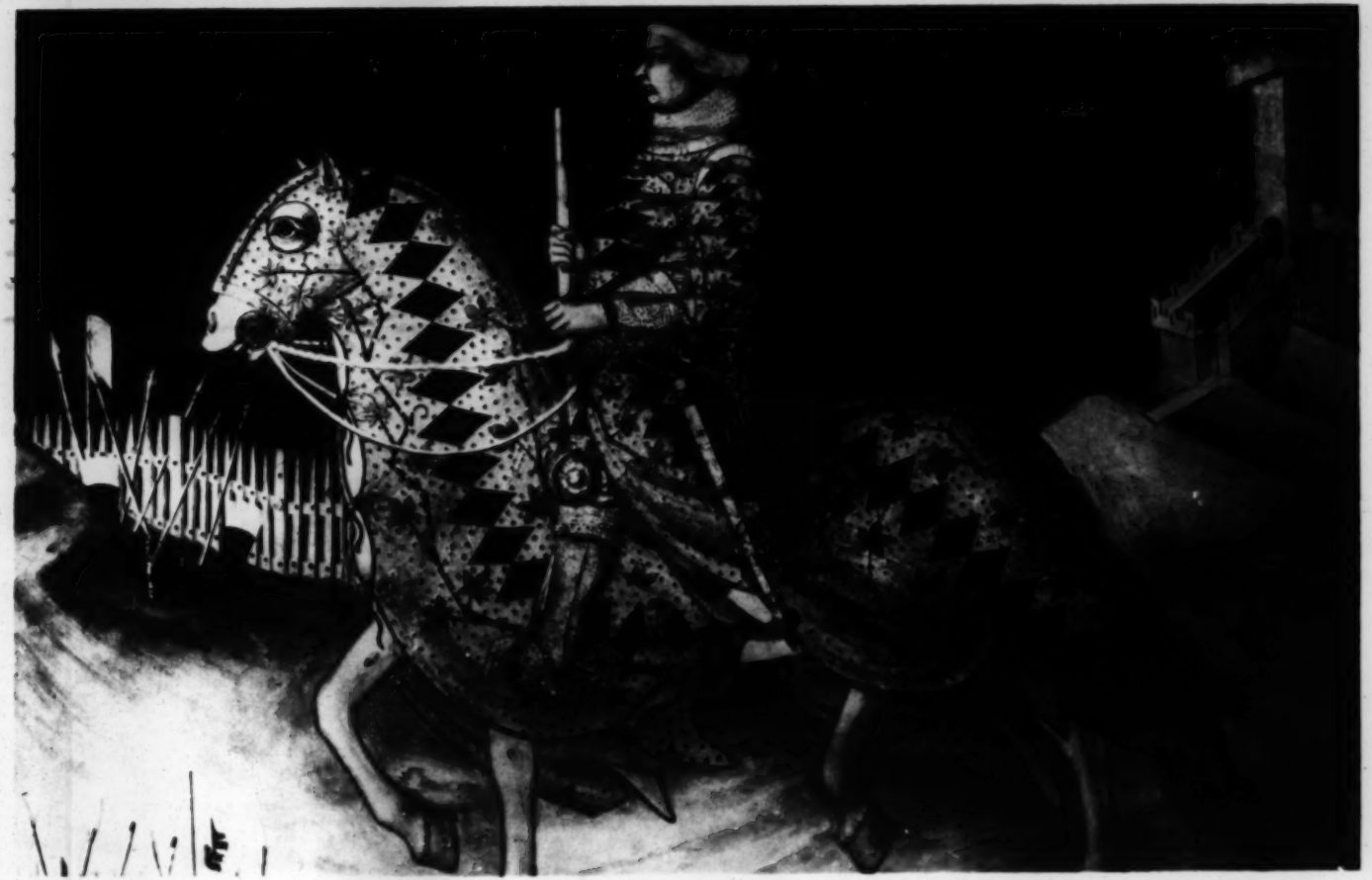
Just a line to say wont you
seriously consider coming
to Siena: Starting May 5th
back 26th: as my guest?
(if you're not too d-d proud)
Please do

B



N. 4 SIENA - Guidoriccio da Fogliano; Simone di Martino

1933

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Siena

16 - May.

I'm going to try to write you a long long letter tonight, but you don't deserve it. Dumb deceitful Dolphin! Not a word from you. O how foolish you are to prefer Tolt - Count Rd. to nightingales, orange flowers, strawberries in the hills. This is where we must be.

Mrs. Bell
8 Fitzroy Street
London W.

England

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